

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 3983. — VOL. CXLVII

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

*The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.*



WHERE FIVE NAVAL V.C.'S WERE GAINED: THE "RIVER CLYDE" BEACHED AT SEDDUL BAHR, SHOWING THE "DOORS" IN HER SIDE AND THE SLUNG GANGWAYS FOR THE TROOPS—A PHOTOGRAPH BY MIDSHIPMAN DREWRY, V.C.

Although we have fully illustrated already (as in the double-page photograph given in our issue of May 29) the beaching of the "River Clyde" (the modern "Horse of Troy") for the memorable landing on "W" Beach at Seddul Bahr on April 25, we feel that no apology is needed for reverting to the subject in view of the publication on August 17 of Vice-Admiral de Robeck's despatch describing the operations. Moreover, the photograph now published gives a fresh view of the scene, and has several special points of interest. It was taken by Midshipman G. L. Drewry, R.N.R., one of those who have received the V.C. for their gallantry at that landing; also it

shows very well the large ports cut in the ship's side for the troops to disembark, the slung gangways leading from them, and the lighters in the handling of which so many deeds of heroism were performed. It shows, too, the sand-bag protection for the machine-guns mounted on the bows of the "River Clyde"—which did good service in keeping down the enemy's fire. Five Victoria Crosses have been bestowed in connection with the Seddul Bahr landing, the other recipients besides Midshipman Drewry being Commander Edward Unwin, R.N., Midshipman W. S. Malleon, R.N., Able Seaman William C. Williams (who was unfortunately killed), and Seaman (R.N.R.) George M. Samson.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL PRESS.



## Scenes of War: The Zone of Paris.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

### THE ESCAPE.

FROM the balcony you look down upon massed and variegated tree-tops as though you were looking down upon a valley forest from a mountain height. Those trees, whose hidden trunks make alleys and squares, are rooted in the history of France. On the dusty gravel of the promenade which runs between the garden and the street a very young man and a girl, tiny figures, are playing with rackets at one of those second-rate ball games beloved by the French *petite bourgeoisie*. Their jackets and hats are hung on the corner of the fancy wooden case in which an orange-tree is planted. They are certainly perspiring in the heavy heat of the early morning. They are also certainly in love. This lively dalliance is the preliminary to a day's desk-work. It seems ill-chosen, silly, futile. The couple have forgotten, if they ever knew,

England—and widows and orphans. The number of young girls and women in mourning, in the heavy mourning affected by the Latin race, is enormous. This craze is the sole casualty list permitted by the French War Office. It suffices. Supreme grief is omnipresent; but it is calm, cheerful, smiling. Widows glance at each other with understanding, like initiates of a secret and powerful society.

Never was Paris so disconcertingly odd. And yet never was it more profoundly itself. Between the slow realisation of a monstrous peril escaped and the equally slow realisation of its power to punish, the French spirit, angered and cold, knows at last what the French spirit is. And to watch and share its mood is positively ennobling to the stranger. Paris is revealed under an enchantment. On the surface of the enchantment the pettinesses of daily existence persist queerly.

### SOME PARISIAN INTERIORS.

Two small rooms and a kitchen on a sixth floor. You could put the kitchen, of which the cooking apparatus consists of two gas-rings, easily into the box that holds the roots of the orange-tree in the Tuilleries gardens. Everything is plain, and stringently tidy; everything is a special item, separately acquired, treasured. I see again a water-colour that I did years ago and had forgotten; it lives, protected by a glazed frame and by the pride of possession. The solitary mistress of this immaculate home is a spinster sempstress in the thirties. She earns three francs a day, and is rich because she does not spend it all, and has never spent it all. Inexpressibly neat, smiling, philosophic, helpful, she has within her a contented and formidable tiger which two contingencies, and two only, will arouse. The first contingency springs from any threat of marriage. You must not seek a husband for her: she is alone in the world, and she wants to be. The second springs from any attempt to alter her habits, which in her sight are as sacredly immutable as the ritual of an Asiatic pagoda.

Last summer she went to a small town, to which is attached a very large military camp, to help her sister-in-law in the running of a café. The excursion was to be partly in the nature of a holiday; but, indefatigable on a chair with a needle, she could not stand for hours on her feet, ministering to a sex of which she knew almost nothing. She had the nostalgia of the Parisian garret. She must go home to her neglected habits. The war was waging. She delayed, from a sense of duty. But at last her habits were irresistible. Officers had said lightly that there was no danger, that the Germans could not possibly reach that small town. Nevertheless, the train that the spinster-sempstress took was the last train to leave. And as the spinster-sempstress departed by the train, so the sister-in-law departed in a pony-cart, with a son and a grandmother in the pony-cart, together with such goods as the cart would hold; and, through staggering adventures, reached safety at Troyes.

"And how did you yourself get on?" I asked the spinster-sempstress.

She answered: "It was terrible. Ordinarily it is a journey of three or four hours. But that time it lasted three days and two nights. The train was crammed with refugees and with wounded. One was obliged to stand up. One could not move."

"But where did you sleep?"

"I did not sleep. Do I not tell you one was obliged to stand up? I stood up all the first night. The floor was thirty centimetres deep in filth. The second night one had settled down somewhat. I could sit."

"But about eating?"

"I had a little food that I brought with me."

"And drinking?"

"Nothing, till the second day. One could not move. But in the end we arrived. I was broken with fatigue. I was very ill. But I was at home. . . . The Boches drank everything in the café, everything; but the building was spared—it stood away from the firing. . . . How long do you think the war will last?"

"I'm beginning to think it will last a long time."

"So they say," she murmured, glancing through the window at the prospect of roofs and chimney-cows. " . . . Provided that it finishes well. . . ."

Except by the look in her eyes, and by the destruction of her once good complexion, it was impossible to divine that this woman's habits had ever been disturbed in the slightest detail. But the gaze and the complexion told the tale.

Next: the Boulevard St. Germain. A majestic flat, heavily and somberly furnished. The great drawing-room is shut and sheeted with holland. It has been shut for twenty years. The mistress of this home is an aged widow

of inflexible will and astounding activity. She gets up at five a.m., and no cook has ever yet satisfied her. The master is her son, a bachelor of fifty. He is paralysed, and, always perfectly dressed in the English taste, he passes his life in a wheeled chair. The home is centred in his study, full of books, engravings, a large safe, telephone, theatrophone, newspapers, cigarettes, easy-chairs. When I go in, an old friend, a stockbroker, is there, and "thees" and "thous" abound in the conversation, which runs on investments, the new English loan, banking accounts in London, the rent moratorium in Paris, and the war. It is said that every German is a critic of war. But so is every Frenchman a critic of war. The criticism I now hear is the best spoken criticism, utterly impartial, that I have heard.

"In sum," says the grey-headed stockbroker, "there disengages itself from the totality of the facts an impression, tolerably clear, that all goes very well on the West front."

Which is reassuring. But the old lady, invincible after seven-and-a-half decades spent in the hard acquirement of wisdom, will not be reassured. She is not alarmed, but she will not be reassured. She treats the two men with affectionate malice as children. She knows that "those birds"—that is to say, the Germans—will never be beaten, because they are for ever capable of inventing some new trick.

She will not sit still. A bit of talk, and she runs off with the agility of a girl to survey her household; then returns and cuts into the discussion.

"If you are coming to lunch, Bennett," she says, "come before Monday, because on Monday my cook takes herself away, and as for the new one, I should dare to say nothing. . . . You don't know, Bennett, you don't know, that at a given moment it was impossible to buy salt. I mean, they sold it to you unwillingly, in little screws of paper. It was impossible to get enough. Figure that to yourself, you from London! As for chicory for the morning *café-au-lait*, it existed not. Gold could not buy it."

And again she said, speaking of the fearful days in September:

"What would you? We waited. My little *coco* is nailed there. He cannot move without a furniture-van filled with things essential to his existence. I did not wish to move. We waited, quite simply. We waited for them to come. They did not come. So much the better. That is all."

I have never encountered anything more radically French than the temperament of this aged woman.

Next: the luxury quarter—the establishment of one of those fashionable dressmakers whom you patronise, and whose bills startle all save the most hardened. She is a very handsome woman. She has a husband and two little boys. They are all there. The husband is a retired professional soldier. He has a small and easy post in a



"SOLDIERS WERE BURIED WHERE THEY FELL": THE CHAPLAIN OF A FRENCH REGIMENT CONDUCTING THE FUNERAL OF TWO SOLDIERS IN A VILLAGE GRAVEYARD 300 YARDS FROM GERMAN TRENCHES.

that they are playing at a terrific and long-drawn moment of crisis in a spot sacred to the finest civilisation.

From the balcony you can see, close by, the Louvre, with its sculptures extending from Jean Goujon to Carpeaux; the Church of St. Clotilde, where César Franck for forty years hid his genius away from popularity; the railway station of the Quai d'Orsay, which first proved that a terminus may excite sensations as fine as those excited by a palace or a temple; the dome of the Invalides; the unique façades, equal to any architecture of modern times, to the north of the Place de la Concorde, where the Ministry of Marine has its home. Nobody who knows Paris, and understands what Paris has meant and still means to humanity, can regard the scene without the most exquisite sentiments of humility, affection, and gratitude. It is impossible to look at the plinths, the mouldings, the carving of the Ministry of Marine and not be thrilled by that supreme expression of national art. . . .

And all this escaped! That is the feeling which one has. All this beauty was menaced with disaster at the hands of beings who comprehended it even less than the simple couple playing ball, beings who have scarcely reached the beginnings of comprehension, and who joined a barbaric ingenuousness to a savage cruelty. It was menaced, but it escaped. Perhaps no city was ever in acuter peril; it escaped by a miracle, but it did escape. It escaped because tens of thousands of soldiers in thousands of taxi-cabs advanced more rapidly than any soldiers could be expected to advance.

"The population of Paris has revolted and is hurrying to ask mercy from us!" thought the reconnoitring simpletons in Taubes, when they noted beneath them the incredible processions of taxi-cabs going north. But what they saw was the Sixth Army, whose movement changed the campaign, and perhaps the whole course of history.

"A great misfortune has overtaken us," said a German officer the next day. It was true. Greater than he suspected. . . .

The horror of what might have happened, the splendour of what did happen, mingle in the awed mind as you look over the city from the balcony. The city escaped. And the event seems vaster and more sublime than the mind can bear.

The streets of Paris have now a perpetual aspect of Sunday morning; only the sound of church-bells is lacking. A few of the taxi-cabs have come back; but all the autobuses without exception are away behind the front. So that the traffic is forced underground, where the railways are manned by women. A horse-bus, dug up out of the past, jogs along the most famous boulevard in the world like a country diligence, with a fat, laughing peasant-woman clinging to its back-step and collecting fare-moneys into the immense pocket of her black apron. Many of the most expensive and unnecessary shops are shut; the others wait with strange meekness for custom. But the provision shops and all the sturdy cheap shops of the poor go on naturally, without any self-consciousness, just as usual. The pavements show chiefly soldiers in a wild, new variety of uniforms, from pale blue to black, imitated and adapted from all sources, and especially from



THE FRENCH SPIRIT IN THE FIELD: GENERAL PELLÉ, ASSISTANT-MAJOR-GENERAL TO GENERAL JOFFRE, REVIEWING A MOROCCAN DIVISION.

civil administration, but his real work is to keep his wife's books. In August he was re-engaged, and ready to lead soldiers under fire in the fortified camp which Gallieni has evolved out of the environs of Paris; but the need passed, and the uniform was laid aside. The two little boys are combed and dressed as only French and American children are combed and dressed, and with a more economical ingenuity than American children. Each has a beautiful purple silk necktie and a beautiful purple silk handkerchief to match. You may notice that the purple silk is exactly the same purple silk as the lining of their mother's rich mantle hanging over a chair-back.

"I had to dismiss my last few workgirls on Saturday," said the dressmaker. "It was no longer possible to keep them. I had seventy, you know. Now—not one. For a time we made considerably less than the rent. Now we make nothing. Nevertheless, some American clients have been very kind."

Her glance went round the empty white salons with their mirrors in sculptured frames. Naught of her stock



was left except one or two fragile blouses and a few original drawings.

Said the husband:

"We are eating our resources. I will tell you what this war means to us. It means that we shall have to work seven or eight years longer than we had the intention to work. What would you?"

He lifted his arms and lowered the corners of his mouth. Then he turned again to the military aspect of things, elaborating it.

The soldier in him finished:

"It is necessary, all the same, to admire these cursed Germans."

"Admire them!" said his wife sharply. "I do not appreciate the necessity. When I think of that day and that night we spent at home!" They live in the eastern suburbs of the city. "When I think of that day and that night! The cannon thundering at a distance of ten kilometres!"

"Thirty kilometres, almost thirty, my friend," the husband corrected.

"Ten kilometres. I am sure it was not more than ten kilometres, my friend."

"But see, my little one. It was at Meaux. Forty kilometres to Meaux. We are at thirteen. That makes twenty-seven, at least."

"It sounded like ten."

"That is true."

"It sounded like ten, my dear Arnold. All day, and all night. We could not go to bed. Had one any desire to go to bed? It was anguish. The mere souvenir is anguish."

She kissed her youngest boy, who had long hair.

"Come, come!" the soldier calmed her.

Lastly: an interior *dans le monde*; a home illustrious in Paris for the riches of its collections—bric-à-brac, fans, porcelain, furniture, modern pictures; the walls frescoed by Pierre Bonnard and his compeers; a black marble balcony with an incomparable view in the very middle of the city. Here several worlds encountered each other: authors, painters, musicians, dilettanti, administrators. The hostess had good-naturedly invited a high official of the Foreign Office, whom I had not seen for many years; she did not say so, but her aim therein was to expedite the arrangements for my pilgrimages in the war-zone. Sundry of my old friends were present. It was wonderful how many had escaped active service, either because they were necessary to central administration, or because they were neutrals, or because they were too old, or because they had been declined on account of physical unfitness, *réformés*. One or two who might have come failed to do so because they had perished.

Amid the abounding, dazzling confusion of objects which it was a duty to admire, people talked cautiously of the war. With tranquillity and exactness and finality the high official, clad in pale alpaca and yellow boots, explained the secret significance of Yellow Books, White Books, Orange Books, Blue Books. The ultimate issues were never touched. New, yet unprinted, music was played; Schumann, though German enough, was played. Then literature came to the top. A novelist wanted to know what I thought of a book called "The Way of All Flesh," which he had just read. It is singular how that ruthless book makes its way across all frontiers. He also wanted to know about Gissing, a name new to him. And then a voice from the obscurity of the balcony came startlingly to me in the music-room:

"Tell me! Sincerely—do they *hate* the Germans in England? Do they *hate* them, veritably? Tell me. I doubt it. I doubt strongly."

I laughed, rather awkwardly, as any Englishman would.

The transient episode was very detrimental to literary talk.

#### THE BATTLEFIELD.

Negotiations for a private visit to the front languished. The thing was arranged right enough, but it seemed impossible to fix a day for actually starting. So I went to Meaux. Meaux had stuck in my ears. Meaux was in history and in romances; it is in Dumas. It was burnt by the Normans in the tenth century, and terrific massacres occurred outside its walls in the fourteenth century, massacres in which the English aristocracy took their full share of the killing. Also, in the seventeenth century, Bossuet was Bishop of Meaux. Finally, in the twentieth century, the Germans just got to Meaux, and they got no further. It was, so far as I can make out, the nearest point to Paris which they soiled.

I could not go even to Meaux without formalities, but the formalities were simple. The dilatory train took seventy minutes, dawdling along the banks of the notorious Marne. In an automobile one could have done the journey in half the time. An automobile, however, would have seriously complicated the formalities. Meaux contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Yet it seems, when you are in it, to consist chiefly of cathedral. When you are at a little distance away from it, it seems to consist of nothing but cathedral. In this it resembles Chartres, and many another city in France.

We obtained a respectable carriage, with a melancholy, resigned old driver, who said:

"For fifteen francs, plus always the *pourboire*, I will take you to Barcy, which was bombarded and burnt. I will show you all the battlefield."

With those few words he thrilled me.

The road rose slowly from the canal of the Ourcq; it was lined with the most beautiful acacia trees, and through the screen of the acacias one had glimpses of the town, diminishing, and of the cathedral, growing larger and larger. The driver talked to us in faint murmurs over his shoulder, indicating the positions of various villages such as Penchard, Poincy, Crégy, Monthyon, Chambry, Varredes, all of which will be found in the future detailed histories of the great locust-advance.

"Did you yourself see any Germans?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Meaux."

"How many?"

He smiled. "About a dozen." He underestimated the number, and the length of the stay, but no matter. "They were scouts. They came into the town for a few hours—and left it. The Germans were deceived. They might have got to Paris if they had liked. But they were deceived."

"How were they deceived?"

"They thought there were more English in front of them than actually there were. The headquarters of the English were over there, at La Ferté-sous-Jourar. The English blew up our bridge, as a measure of precaution."

We drove on.

"The first tomb," said the driver, nonchalantly, in his weak voice, lifting an elbow.

There it was, close by the roadside, and a little higher than ourselves. The grave was marked by four short, rough posts on which was strung barbed wire; a white flag; a white cross of painted wood, very simply but neatly made; a faded wreath. We could distinguish a

which it did not suit them to carry off they destroyed. Wine-casks of which they could not drink the wine, they stove in. . . . And then they retreated.

This farmhouse was somebody's house, just as your home is yours, and mine mine. To some woman or other every object in it was familiar. She glanced at the canister on the mantelpiece and said to herself: "I really must clean that canister to-morrow." There the house stood, with holes in its roof, empty. And if there are half-a-million similarly tragic houses in Europe to-day, as probably there are, such frequency does not in the slightest degree diminish the forlorn tragedy of that particular house which I have beheld.

At last Barcy came into view—the pierced remains of its church tower over the brow of a rise in the plain. Barcy is our driver's show-place. Barcy was in the middle of things. The fighting round Barcy lasted a night and a day, and Barcy was taken and retaken twice.

"You see the new red roofs," said the driver as we approached. "By those new red roofs you are in a state to judge a little what the damage was."

Some of the newly made roofs, however, were of tarred paper.

The street by which we entered had a small-pox of shrapnel and bullet-marks. The post office had particularly suffered: its bones were laid bare. It had not been restored, but it was ready to do any business that fell to be done, though closed on that afternoon. We turned a corner, and came upon the church. The work on the church was well up to the reported Teutonic average. Of its roof only the rafters were left. The windows were all smashed, and their lead fantastically twisted. The west door was entirely gone; a rough grille of strips of wood served in its stead. Through this grille one could see the nave and altar, in a miraculous and horrible confusion. It was as if house-breakers had spent days in doing their best to produce a professional effect. The oak pews were almost unharmed. Immediately behind the grille lay a great bronze bell, about three feet high, covered with beautifully incised inscriptions; it was unharmed. Apparently nothing had been accomplished, in ten months, towards the restoration of the church. But something was contemplated, perhaps already started. A polished steel saw lay on one of the pews, but there was no workman attached to it.

While I was writing some notes in the porch three little boys came up and diligently stared at me.

"What dost thou want?" I said sharply to the tallest.

"Nothing," he replied.

Then three widows came up, one young, one young and beautiful, one middle-aged.

We got back into the carriage.

"The village seems very deserted," I said to the driver.

"What would you?" he answered. "Many went. They had no home. Few have returned."

All around were houses of which nothing remained but the stone walls. The Germans had shown great prowess here, and the French still greater. It was a village upon which rival commanders could gaze with pride. It will remember the fourth and the fifth of September.

We made towards Chambry. Chambry is a village which, like Meaux, lies below the plain. Chambry escaped glory; but between it and Barcy, on the intervening slope through which a good road runs, a battle was fought. You know what kind of a battle it was by the tombs. These tombs were very like the others—an oblong of barbed wire, a white flag, a white cross, sometimes a name, more often only a number, rarely a wreath. You see first one, then another, then two, then a sprinkling; and gradually you perceive that the whole plain is dotted with gleams of white

flags and white crosses, so that graves seem to extend right away to the horizon marked by lines of trees. Then you see a huge general grave. . . . Much glory about that spot!

And then a tomb with a black cross. Very disconcerting, that black cross! It is different not only in colour, but in shape, from the other crosses. Sinister! You need not to be told that the body of a German lies beneath it. The whole devilishness of the Prussian ideal is expressed in that black cross. Then, as the road curves, you see more black crosses, many black crosses, very many. No flags, no names, no wreaths on these tombs. Just a white stencilled number in the centre of each cross. Women in Germany are still lying awake at nights and wondering what those tombs look like.

Watching over all the tombs, white and black without distinction, are notices: "Respect the Tombs." But the wheat and the oats are not respecting the tombs. Everywhere the crops have encroached on them, half-hiding them, smothering them, climbing right over them. In one place wheat is ripening out of the very body of a German soldier. . . .

Such is the nearest battlefield to Paris. Corporate excursions to it are forbidden, and wisely. For the attraction of the place, were it given play, would completely demoralise Meaux and the entire district.

In half-an-hour we were back at an utterly matter-of-fact railway station, in whose café an utterly matter-of-fact and capable Frenchwoman gave us tea. And when we reached Paris we had the news that a Staff Captain of the French Army had been detailed to escort us to the front and to show us all that could safely be seen. Nevertheless, whatever I may experience, I shall not experience again the thrill which I had when the weak and melancholy old driver pointed out the first tomb. That which we had just seen was the front once.

[This Series will be Continued next week.]



"THE WHEAT AND THE OATS ARE NOT RESPECTING THE TOMBS": GRAVES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO FELL LAST SEPTEMBER, NEAR SOMMESEUS, MARNE, WITH TRICOLOURS SET UP ON JULY 14.

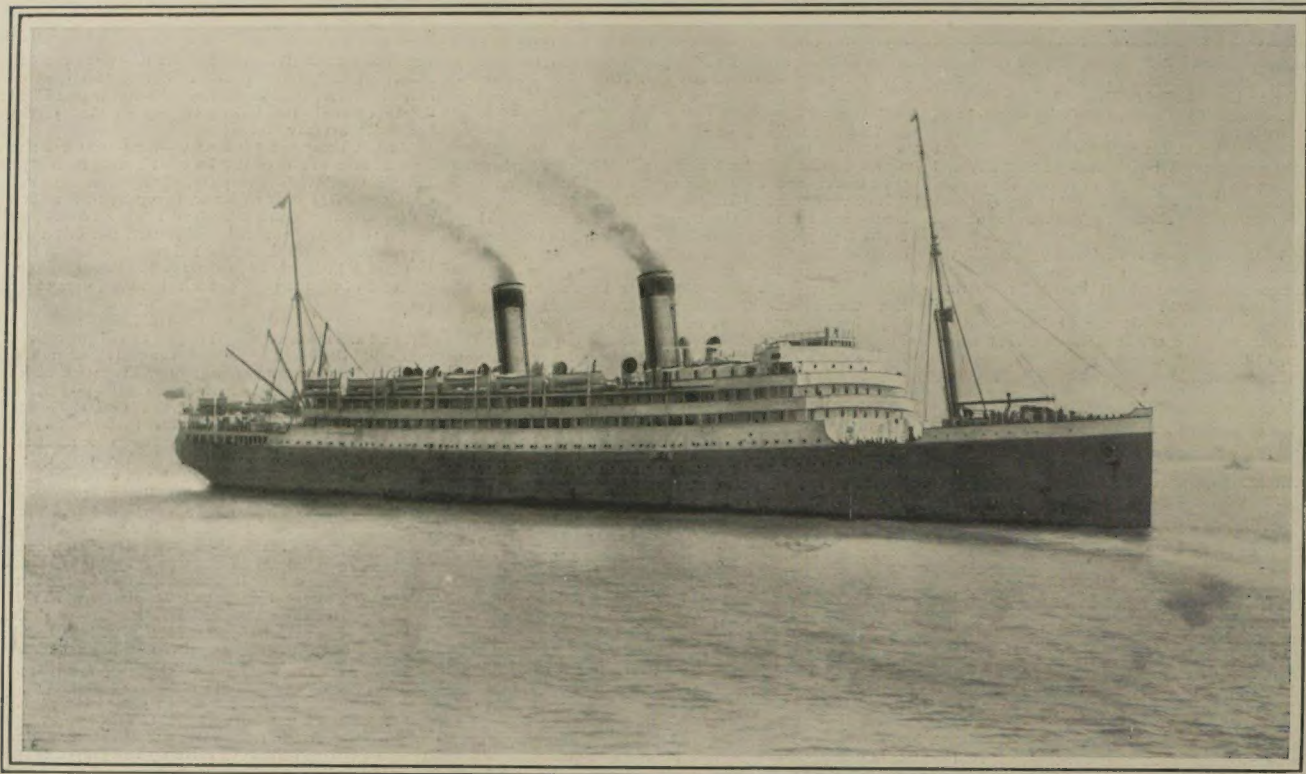
few words of an inscription. ". . . Comrades . . . 66th Territorials. . ." Soldiers were buried where they fell, and this was the tomb of him who fell nearest to Paris. It marked the last homicidal effort of the Germans before their advance in this region curved eastwards into a retreat. This tomb was a very impressive thing. The driver had thrilled me again.

We drove on. We were now in a large rolling plain that sloped gradually behind us southwards towards the Marne. It had many little woods and spinneys, and no watercourses. To the civilian it appeared an ideal theatre for a glorious sanguinary battle in which thousands of fathers, sons, and brothers should die violently because some hierarchy in a distant capital was suffering from an acute attack of swelled head. A few trenches here and there could still be described, but the whole land was in an advanced state of cultivation. Wheat and oats and flaming poppies had now conquered the land, had over-run and possessed it as no Germans could ever do. The raw earth of the trenches struggled vainly against the tide of germination. The harvest was going to be good. This plain, with its little woods and little villages, glittered with a careless and vast satisfaction in the sheets of sunshine that fell out of a blue too intense for the gaze.

We saw a few more tombs, and a great general monument or cenotaph to the dead, constructed at cross-roads by military engineers. The driver pointed to the village of Penchard, which had been pillaged and burnt by the enemy. It was only about a mile off, but in the strong, dazzling light we could distinguish not the least sign of damage. Then we came to a farmhouse by the roadside. It was empty; it was a shell, and its roof was damaged. The Germans had gutted it. They had taken away its furniture as booty. (What they intended to do with furniture out of a perfectly mediocre farmhouse, hundreds of miles from home, it is difficult to imagine.) Articles



## The First British Transport Sunk by an Enemy Submarine: The "Royal Edward."



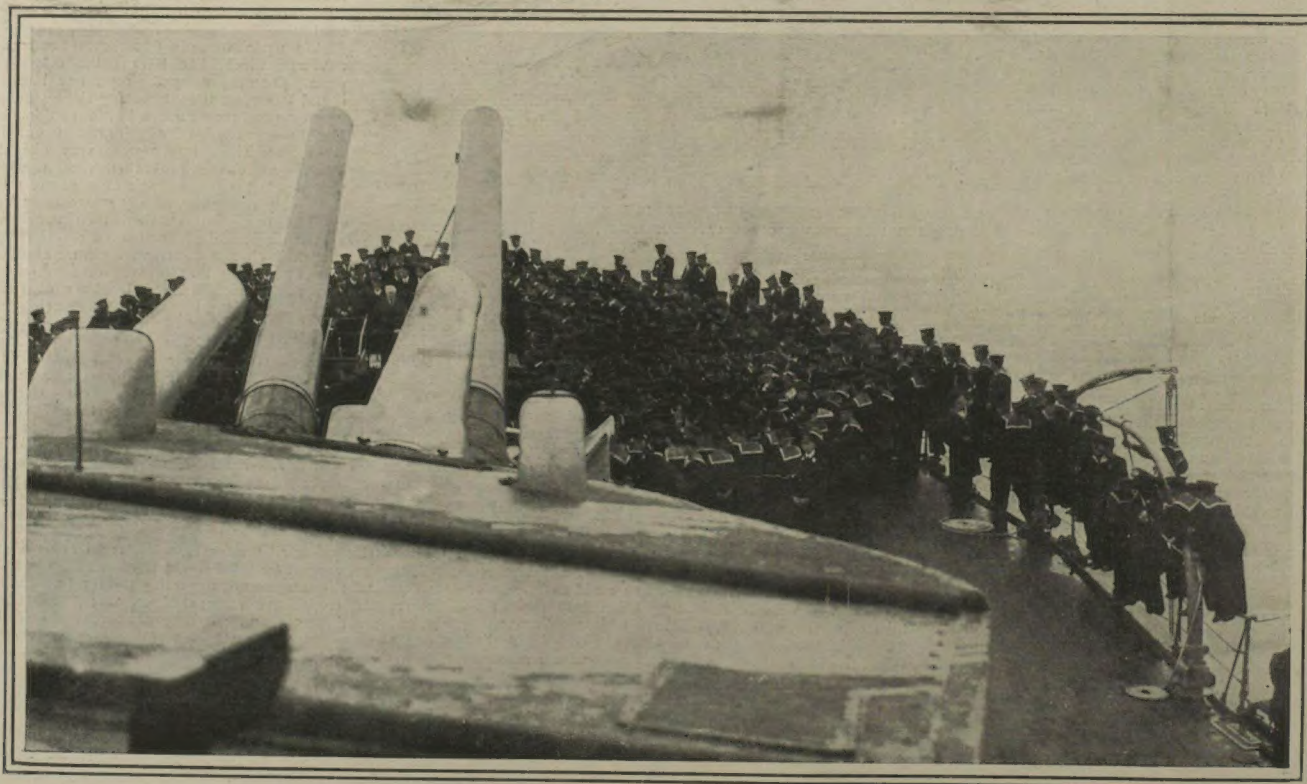
SUNK BY A SUBMARINE IN THE ÆGEAN ON AUGUST 14, WHILE CARRYING 32 OFFICERS AND 1350 MEN, BESIDES THE CREW OF 220:

### THE 11,117-TON BRITISH TRANSPORT "ROYAL EDWARD."

The Admiralty announced on August 17: "The British transport 'Royal Edward' was sunk by an enemy submarine in the Aegean last Saturday morning. According to the information at present available, the transport had on board 32 military officers and 1350 troops, in addition to the ship's crew of 220 officers and men. The troops consisted mainly of reinforcements for the 29th Division and details of the Royal

Army Medical Corps. Full information has not yet been received, but it is known that about 600 have been saved." It is some consolation to reflect that, after a year of war, it is the first time an enemy submarine has succeeded in sinking a British transport, although thousands of troops have been shipped and two other torpedo attacks on transports have been made.—[By Courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.]

## The Premier on Board the Flag-Ship: Mr. Asquith Speaking on the "Iron Duke."



AN INCIDENT DURING THE VISIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TO THE GRAND FLEET:

### MR. ASQUITH SPEAKING "SOME WORDS OF CONGRATULATION AND CONFIDENCE."

The recent visit of Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna to the Grand Fleet was made known in the following announcement issued by the Admiralty: "The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have paid a visit to the Grand Fleet, and were the guests during their stay of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. Before their

departure, the officers and men from a number of ships were assembled, and the Prime Minister addressed to them . . . some words of congratulation and confidence." In our photograph, Mr. Asquith is on the "Iron Duke." He may be seen standing bare-headed in the space between the big guns near the centre.—[Photograph by Alferi.]



# DO GERMAN SUBMARINES GET SUPPLIES UNDER WATER? A POSSIBILITY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM AN ILLUSTRATION TO AN ARTICLE BY SIMON LAKE, IN THE NEW YORK "SUN."



## A SUBMARINE DEPOT ON THE SEA-BED: HOW A "U." BOAT MIGHT TAKE IN FUEL DESPITE PATROLLING DESTROYERS.

In view of the continued activity of German submarines, instanced by the sinking of the "Royal Edward" and the shelling of Cumberland coast towns, particular interest attaches to the subject here illustrated, from an article, by Mr. Simon Lake, the American inventor and constructor of submarines, in the New York "Sun," by whose courtesy we give the illustration. "A submarine," he writes, "should be capable of sinking to the sea-bed and there, beyond the reach of its foes, of drawing new strength, so to speak, from a suitably designed submersible submarine supply-boat. This scheme is not at all visionary. In part it has already been done in the past by vessels planned by me for

commercial work. . . . While the torpedo-boat destroyer . . . is hunting . . . for elusive periscopes, the submarine can lie in ambush upon the ocean-bed, if the water be not too deep." After describing the chambers (worked by compressed air on the diving-bell and air-lock principles) through which divers emerge from the submarine and obtain stores, Mr. Lake continues: "I am not so certain that the Germans have not already made use of my patents and my plans . . . . What I propose is to provide every sea-going submarine with one or more mobile submergible bases of supply in the form of boats which can be towed by the under-water boat and sunk upon the sea-bed at convenient points."



# HOW THE GOD OF BATTLES AIDED THE RUSSIANS: AN EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE FIELD



## LIGHTNING FIRES MINES PLACED BY THE GERMANS TO DESTROY RUSSIANS: THE EXPLOSION DEMORALISING THE ENEMY, AND GIVING OUR ALLIES THEIR CHANCE TO ATTACK.

"God is always on the side of the big battalions," some historic cynic is stated to have said. Who really uttered the famous *mot* is disputed. Bismarck is popularly credited with originating it; but it is also attributed to others a good deal earlier than the German "Man of Blood and Iron"; including Voltaire and Napoleon. The point is subsidiary. If the God of Battles has been on the side of the big German battalions in Galicia and Poland whose overpowering masses compelled the Russians to fall back, at any rate, on the occasion we illustrate above, the mythological deity failed his friends, and, in addition, chastened them severely. The Germans, in the course of a battle which was taking place

during a tremendous thunderstorm, were manoeuvring in one part of the field to draw the Russians over a stretch of ground which they had elaborately mined beforehand, proposing to explode the mines by secret wires as the Russians were over the trap. They themselves had to cross the same *terrain* as they fought, and at the instant that the Germans were over the mine-field, a stroke of lightning suddenly fired the range of mines, causing explosions by which the Germans suffered serious losses. As a result, the enemy were demoralized and the Russians attacked successfully, taking a number of prisoners.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## WITH THE ENEMY IN POLAND: VISTULA AND RED-CROSS SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



HOW THE ENEMY ARE MAKING USE OF THE VISTULA: AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS TOWING A RAFT WITH MUNITIONS.



AN ARMY CHAPLAIN MINISTERING TO THE WOUNDED: AT AN AUSTRIAN RED CROSS AMBULANCE FIELD-POST.

The withdrawal of the Russian armies across the Vistula has left that great waterway of Eastern Europe open to the use of the Austro-German armies. The first of our photographs shows how they are employing the river for transporting war *matériel* and stores all along the line in rear of their advancing armies, and thus relieving considerably the congested traffic on the roads and railways of Galicia and Western Poland. Here a party of Austrian infantrymen is seen at work, hauling along the river bank one of

the pinewood timber log-rafts (heavily laden with army munitions) which in numbers navigate the river during the summer and autumn months, drifting downstream from the Carpathians to Dantzig.—The second illustration shows an incident in the same quarter, close behind the battle-line; a scene at an Austro-German army field-ambulance station, where a German chaplain is seen administering the consolations of religion to a dangerously wounded soldier.



"UNTIL THE DAY DAWN, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."



"WOMEN IN GERMANY ARE STILL LYING AWAKE AT NIGHTS AND WONDERING WHAT THOSE TOMBS LOOK LIKE":  
THE GRAVE OF A GERMAN AIRMAN AT THE POINT NEAREST TO CALAIS REACHED BY THE ENEMY.

Mr. Arnold Bennett describes, in his remarkably interesting article in this number, the graves of French and German soldiers on the battlefields near Meaux, the point nearest to Paris reached by the Germans. After speaking of the French graves, he continues: "And then a tomb with a black cross. Very disconcerting, that black cross! It is different, not only in colour, but in shape, from the other crosses. Sinister! You need not to be told that the body of a German lies beneath it. The whole devilishness of the Prussian ideal is expressed in that black cross. Then, as

the road curves, you see more black crosses, many black crosses, very many. No flags, no names, no wreaths on these tombs. Just a white stenciled number in the centre of each cross. Women in Germany are still lying awake at nights and wondering what those tombs look like." The grave shown in our photograph is in keeping with Mr. Bennett's words, though it is not one of those which he describes, and the inscription, it will be noticed, is rather more elaborate. Ten yards from it some cross-roads mark the point nearest to Calais which the enemy have reached.



# BOMB-THROWING PRACTICE WITH LIVE BOMBS! JAM-TIN GRENADES AS MISSILES IN A SHAM FIGHT.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



## BRITISH SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT ENGAGED IN AN EXERCISE THAT IS NOT QUITE SO DANGEROUS

In a note to his drawing Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "Bomb-throwing practice is continually going on behind the British lines in France. All kinds of hand-projectiles are used for this purpose, but the simplest kinds, most favoured by Tommy Atkins, are the jam-pot grenades. The ordinary discarded jam-pots, after Tommy has swallowed the original contents of the tins, are filled with explosives and flung at the enemy at short range. They have a good demoralising effect, for the pots, on contact with the enemy's trenches, throw off a tremendous volume of black smoke and light debris from the parapets, and under cover of the explosive bombs Tommy very often has a chance of getting home with the bayonet."



## AS IT LOOKS: PRACTISING BOMB-THROWING WITH REAL BOMBS, AND TESTING THE EFFECTS.

At first sight, the method of practice with these live missiles appears to be in itself a somewhat dangerous operation, but this is not really the case, owing to the fact that the bombs are local in their effects, and they are thrown with great skill on pre-arranged points. When the officer's whistle blows, the men advancing halt and throw their bombs, aiming carefully at the points prescribed, so that the bombs shall not burst too near their comrades who are acting temporarily as the enemy. The object is partly to practise throwing and partly to test the effect of the grenades. The exercise, of course, takes place on open ground.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## IN GALLIPOLI: "GURKHA BLUFF"; DUG-OUTS; AMMUNITION-

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 4 BY

## BREAD BAKING; HIGH STREET, LANCASTER TERRACE.

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



A HEIGHT ON THE COAST OFFICIALLY RENAMED TO COMMEMORATE INDIAN HEROISM: "GURKHA BLUFF."



PREPARING THE DAILY AMMUNITION-BREAD RATION FOR THE TROOPS: AT THE CAMP BAKE-HOUSES JUST BEFORE THE HOUR FOR DELIVERY.



THE QUARTERS OF THE ASSAILANTS OF GURKHA BLUFF: THE REGIMENTAL DUG-OUTS OF THE 6TH GURKHA RIFLES.



"HIGH STREET, LANCASTER TERRACE": A TYPICAL ARMY SAND-BAG "HOUSE" CONSTRUCTED IN REAR OF THE BRITISH LINES.

"Lancashire Landing," on the Gallipoli Peninsula, will go down in history in commemoration of as heroic an exploit as the regimental annals of the British Army record. Our Indian Army is responsible for a similar commemorative name (in honour of an exploit of one of its own regiments) a name bestowed on another battlefield locality at the Dardanelles, now officially called "Gurkha Bluff." This was the scene of a recent feat of daring and cool courage by one of the famous Gurkha regiments. The following is an extract from the Army Order of May 17, in which the unusual, well-earned distinction was publicly conferred: "In order to make known the good work done by the 1st Battalion 6th Gurkha Rifles in capturing the bluff . . . the General Commanding has ordered that this bluff shall in future be known as 'Gurkha Bluff.'"—In our second illustration we have a view of the dug-outs.

in the trench-line in the gully near Gurkha Bluff, occupied by the gallant captors of the former Turkish position. The range of Gurkha excavations is seen to the left centre and left of the photograph; on the right-centre and right, the natural contorted surface formation of the strata of the Gallipoli Peninsula.—The third illustration shows part of the bake-house department in the commissariat lines, with a range of field-ovens at work on a batch of "ammunition bread" almost ready for taking out and delivery to a squad of ration-orderlies, seen in the centre of the background, fallen-in for duty.—The fourth illustration shows a range of sand-bag-built hutments constructed against a hillside in the regimental lines and familiarly known in the British Camp as "High Street, Lancaster Terrace."



## READY FOR SHELLS AND SUBMARINES: LIFE AT THE DARDANELLES.



UNDERGROUND! AN OFFICERS' MESS-HOUSE DUG-OUT IN THE DARDANELLES, WITH ITS COMMUNICATION-TRENCH.



SHOWING A SAILOR WITH TELEPHONE SLUNG FROM HIS HEAD: LOOKING OUT FOR SUBMARINES, ON BOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER.

In the upper illustration, the reader looks down on the roof of an officers' mess-house dug-out with the deeply excavated communication-trench leading to it, which is made winding in order to prevent any stray enemy bullets enflading it. The mess-house roof is at the ground-level and is heavily banked over so as to render it sufficiently bomb, or at least splinter, proof in case of Turkish shells falling in that quarter.—In the lower illustration we are on the deck of one of the British destroyers patrolling in the Dardanelles for enemy submarines. The prevalent conditions of extreme alertness under

which our men carry out the duty is vividly instanced in the details of the photograph. The quick-firer's gun-team all stand ready to fire on the instant, on the very first sighting of a submarine's conning-tower, or even a periscope emerging for a momentary look round. The gun-layer is seen, indeed, with his eyes looking along the sights, and his finger on the firing-trigger. Nearest the reader stands one of the team with telephone ear-piece and mouth-piece in position ready to hear and call out any order to the engine-room and navigator's station on the quarry appearing.



## NEAR ACHI BABA: A DIVERSION IN A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



ATTRACTING THE ENEMY, TO DRAW THEIR ATTENTION FROM THE INNISKILLING FUSILIERS: A NEW ZEALAND OFFICER, AIDED BY AN ORDERLY, HURLING JAM-TIN BOMBS.

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, our artist writes: "The drawing shows an incident during the recapture of a trench by the Inniskillings, near Achi Baba. A brave New Zealand officer attached himself to the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers during an attack on a trench which had been rushed by the Turks the preceding night. As the Irishmen crept up a small communication-trench from a nullah, the New Zealander armed himself with half-a-dozen jam-tin bombs and, with an orderly to lift them for him, created

a diversion by hurling them one after the other into the midst of the Turks. He exposed himself freely during his gallant bombardment; but, although shot at and bombed by the enemy, was untouched by them. One of his bombs, however, had to be re-lit and the shortened fuse caused it to explode prematurely—shattering his hand and wounding him severely. The Fusiliers, meanwhile, had dashed on to the main trench held by the Turks, whom they destroyed or captured."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## THE STRICKEN FIELD OF CARENCY: HAVOC IN CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES AND THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. R.

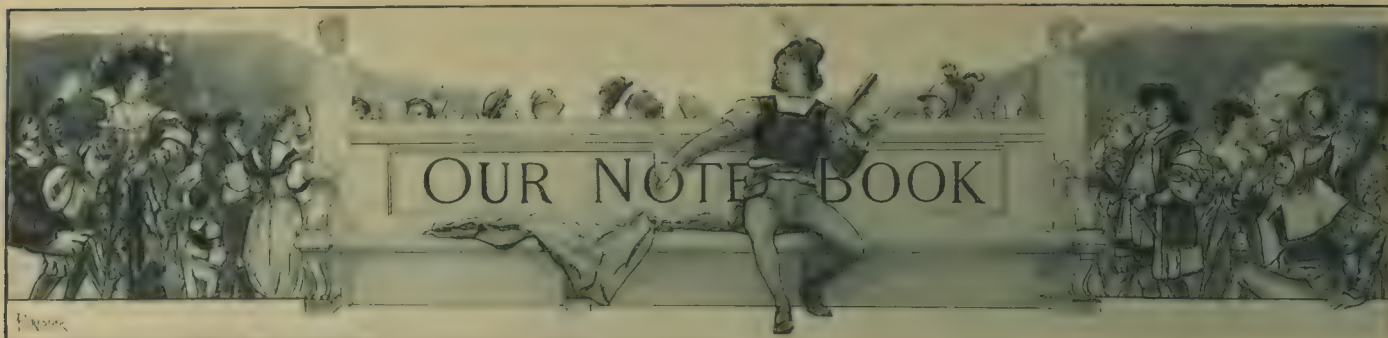


WHERE THE FRENCH CARRIED "A LABYRINTH OF BLOCKHOUSES AND TRENCHES": THE REMAINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH ON HILL 125, WITH SHATTERED CARENCY IN THE BACKGROUND.

A vivid picture of the devastation of war in the invaded parts of France is presented by this photograph showing all that is left of the once-thriving village of Carency. This place was the scene of tremendous fighting in the struggle north of Arras, and of a fine victory by the French troops. The story of the driving of the Germans from their strong defences in this region was told thus in official French communiqués: "During the night we carried by assault the entire village of Carency and the wood north of that village (Hill 125). The garrison holding the village and the wood comprised a battalion of the 109th Regiment of Infantry, a battalion of the 136th Regiment, a battalion of Bavarian Chasseurs, and six companies of Pioneers, each 300 strong. Each of these units had made of Carency and of the wood (Hill 125) a formidable redoubt. Although greatly diminished by their losses of the preceding days in killed, wounded, and prisoners, the Germans throughout the night offered a desperate resistance to our attack in

their labyrinth of blockhouses and trenches. The resistance was broken, and at dawn we were completely masters of the position. Our troops killed hundreds of Germans with the bayonet, and made 1050 prisoners, including 30 officers. . . . The capture of Carency has resulted in the falling into our hands of much material, of which it has not yet been possible to make a complete record. It includes two 77-mm. guns, one 105-mm. mortar, two 21-cm. mortars, a dozen trench-mortars, a large number of machine-guns, 3000 rifles, and huge stores of shells and cartridges. In the wood of Hill 125 we found the corpses of three companies of Germans who had been annihilated by our artillery fire. The enemy bombarded Carency during the afternoon without any result. The problem of the reconstruction of village life in devastated parts of France is being studied by a society known as the Secrétariat Français. The French Agricultural Society and the Society of Friends are co-operating, and the Government will give important aid.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE North German is a human being. Hitherto, as a rule, he has talked as if he were something more, and acted as if he were something less. But he is a human being: and anyone who recognises the human bond which he has not always recognised will certainly make him welcome—not sneeringly, but quite sincerely—to the natural pleasure which he takes in any good news he may get from the front. Nor is there any need to be vain of such fair-mindedness, for it is made easier for us by the knowledge that, while he has got many things which he is glad to have, he has hardly anywhere got what he wanted. It is suggested that more than one of the Roman Emperors was in the habit of having a triumph whenever he could not have a victory. And certainly when the besiegers took Warsaw, for instance, the triumph was as empty—as the town. I wrote here lately that the Prussian was a thief from the beginning: and it was not a denunciation, but a sober historical summary. But he certainly seems to be a thief who steals jewel-cases rather than jewels.

A realistic military estimate of the posture and provisionment of the fighting leads to conclusions very different from those of a few panic-stricken reporters in the crowd, who raise an outcry whenever the pick-pocket of Potsdam cuts out an empty pocket. It is not my province to write of such things; and, indeed, there is in the mere moral atmosphere outside military science proof enough to make us, if not easy in our minds, at least quite certain that the Prussians are the reverse of easy in theirs. There are a great many signs by which even a civilian can be certain of this. But for anyone with historic memory and judgment, there is one proof of Prussian failure which is at once startling and final. Properly realised, it is more cataclysmic than the Rhine choked with corpses, the Kaiser cutting his throat, Berlin burned to the ground, and the Kiel Canal blown up, ships and all. The Prussian has spoken of justice. When he speaks of justice he has begun to hope for mercy. For more than a hundred years he has spread and sunned himself in the summer of mere success; he has openly exulted in his freedom from scruple and religious restraint; he has pointed to his perjuries as other men point to their promises. He has never dreamed of answering the charge that he was false and cruel save by saying that he is cunning and strong. He has never pretended to recognise any law, human or divine, save in the sense that possession was nine points of it. When he begins to defend himself on the tenth point, it is proof that he has little left but a tenth. When the Prussian says he has the right to do a thing, you may be pretty sure that he has no longer the might to do it.

And this is proved by one fact which is staringly self-evident: the fact that all his apologies are after-thoughts. Some of his less cautious controversialists, for instance, claim that after the conquest of Brussels the conquerors found evidence that they had been the object of some conspiracy—which seems to have been little more than some preparations for defence, which

have been proved very necessary. But, in any case, it is as if a burglar claimed to have found an unfriendly letter about himself along with the bank-notes in a locked desk. Even if he were right, he would have no right to be right. Similarly, Houston Chamberlain, that tedious turncoat, says, in a pamphlet being circulated more or less secretly in England, that the French invaded Belgium before the Germans. This resolves itself into a question of who has most to do with German government, this Mr. Chamberlain (who is not even a German) or the German Chancellor? The whole point of the Chancellor's apology was a contrast between France and Germany, by which France did not need to be first in Belgium, because she could "afford to wait." It is self-evident that these are excuses made up long after the crime, and therefore worthless excuses. But they are growing more frequent, more apologetic, and more confused every day, as the German strength slowly weakens. And already there is a general tendency in the

With her it is a matter of principle to be unprincipled. Frederick the Great considered it a piece of highly artistic humour to enter his Austrian enemy's possessions in advance of his own declaration of war, as if he had run on before to say it was coming. Bismarck not only tore up his own scraps of paper, but cheerfully forged other people's scraps of paper, when he wanted to precipitate war. The Germans evidently do not quite understand what it is we are saying about them. When we say they were guilty of extraordinary and unprecedented treason and aggression, we mean, of course, that these things were unprecedented and extraordinary among civilised people. We do not mean that they were unprecedented or extraordinary among barbarians. We did not know, naturally, whether Prussians would do these particular things or not. We only knew that nobody in Europe except Prussians would do them. Among the phrases upon their side which are cropping up more and more commonly, is the

phrase about the forty years. They say they have kept the peace for that period; and they offer it as proving that they did not make the present war. Unfortunately it proves exactly the opposite. War is not a thing at all; war is the incompatibility of two things, one or other of which the war will make assured. In this sense, of course, neither the Germans nor anyone else ever wanted war. They wanted domination. Now, it is quite obvious that until towards the end of that forty years their domination was assured. They had no need of a new war; and the few wars that occurred elsewhere affected Germany favourably, if at all. Her principal rival, Russia, was wounded in the Japanese War. Her principal Ally, Turkey, was victorious in the Græco-Turkish War. The period of German power, and, therefore, of German peace, stretches down to the success of Austria in the Bosnian affair. Then things began to go wrong with the German policy in Europe. Italy attacked the Turk in Africa; the



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE FRONT: HIS MAJESTY AT A COUNCIL OF MINISTERS AND GENERALS AT THE RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS.

The above photograph was taken on June 27 at the Russian General Headquarters on the occasion of an Extraordinary Council of Ministers during the Emperor's visit to the front. The previous day the resignation of the Russian War Minister, General Sukhomlinoff, had been announced, and he was succeeded by General Polivanoff. Other changes in the Ministry took place. In the front row (from left to right) are: M. Roukhlof (Ways and Communications), the Grand Duke Nicholas (Generalissimo), the Emperor, M. Gorenmykin (Premier), and Count Frederics (Minister of the Court); in the back row, Prince Scherbatoff (Interior), Count Ignatieff (Public Works), M. Sazonoff (Foreign Affairs), M. Krivosheine (Agriculture), M. Bark (Finance), General Yanouchkevitch (Chief of General Staff), General Polivanoff (War), and Prince Chakhovskio (Commerce and Industry).

Photograph by M. de Hahn.

German Press to represent the whole quarrel as some sort of misunderstanding, at least as a matter for argument, if not for arbitration.

Historically, of course, such a view is nonsense. It would be nonsense if Sir John Jellicoe said he happened to be on a ship because his doctor had recommended a sea-voyage. It would be nonsense, because it would ignore the whole historic claim of the British upon the sea. It would be nonsense if General Joffre said that he happened to be standing at the junction of the Sambre and Meuse because he admired the natural beauty of those rivers, and was considering their suitability for that canal boat in which he is said to purpose passing his declining years. It would be nonsense because it would ignore the whole historic peril of France at that particular point. And it is nonsense for the Germans to talk belatedly as if they had blundered into Belgium or into the war because they thought France or Belgium was doing something neither of them ever did. It is nonsense because it ignores the whole historic policy of Prussia along the lines of which she has struck again and again.

Balkans attacked him in Europe; he fell. France began to have her own way in Morocco; England stood firm on Agadir. There was only one State that was relatively losing its preponderance in Europe by the processes of peace. It was that State that went to war. If Prussia had got into some war twenty years ago, it might have been for some ideal. If Prussia had kept the peace a year ago, it might have been for some scruple. But the very dates prove that when she did not fight for ascendancy, it was simply because she had it. She was perpetually telling us that she had it. On this, as on every other point, her new cry is quite new, and born of naked fear. She boasted of wars: she never boasted of peace until she came to plead for it.

The truth can be put shortly: Germany went to war because other nations began to behave as if they were independent nations. Bismarck, in a saner Germany, said he would not give the bones of a Pomeranian Grenadier to settle the Eastern Question. His successors have given the bones of many Pomeranian Grenadiers merely to avenge its being settled.

[Copyrighted in the U.S.A. by the "New York American."]



## SPRAYING LIQUID FIRE: THE GERMAN "FLAMMENWERFER" IN ACTION.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED.



HOW THE ENEMY TOOK SOME BRITISH TRENCHES (SINCE RECAPTURED) AT HOOGE: A FLAME-PROJECTOR, ONE OF THE DIABOLICAL INSTRUMENTS INVENTED BY GERMAN CHEMICAL SCIENCE, IN USE BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

In a recent despatch Sir John French said: "The enemy began a bombardment of our trenches north and south of Hooze, and followed this by an attack with 'flame-projectors.' By this means the enemy penetrated our first line of trenches on a front of about 500 yards." Later, Sir John was able to announce the recapture of these trenches. Our artist has illustrated (from a source which we are not at liberty to mention, but which is absolutely reliable) one of these diabolical flame-projectors, or *Flammenwerfer*, and the German method of using it. We are informed that the apparatus consists of a reservoir, containing petrol mixed with a small proportion of kerosene (to give body to the liquid),

and attached thereto are a cylinder of highly compressed air, a pressure-gauge, a starting-valve, and an electric battery with induction-coil. Connected to the reservoir by a flexible coupling is a long spraying-tube, which may be pointed to any angle. To the end of the tube are attached two rods which terminate in an electrical spark-gap, so that, when the main valve is opened, the liquid is forced out by great air-pressure, and ignited by the spark. Frequently the liquid is directed on to the Allies' trenches in its raw state, and is afterwards ignited by the burning stream. The effective range of a flame-projector is about thirty yards.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## PLAYING-IN "CASUALTIES" TO THE DOCTOR: A CHEERFUL NOISE AS ANTIDOTE TO PAIN, AT THE BRITISH FRONT.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



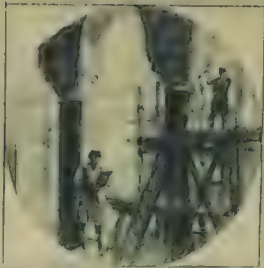
AN IMPROVISED BAND, WITH MOUTH-ORGANS, WHISTLES, CYMBALS, AND A DRUM, LEADING SICK AND WOUNDED TO THE DOCTOR: A STRANGE PROCESSION NEAR THE TRENCHES IN FRANCE.

It has been pointed out times without number that few things are more valuable to the soldier in the field than "a cheerful noise." Music, even if it be primitive, is an all-important antidote to the nerve-strain of war. Men march better to the playing of a band, to the sound of their own voices, to the humming of mouth-organs, to the shrill notes of whistles, to the skirl of the pipes, than they do in silence—march better and longer. Music, too, relieves the monotony of waiting in the trenches. Here is yet another of its uses.

A number of "Tommies," with mouth-organs, whistles, cymbals, and a drum, have improvised a band, and are playing-in to the doctor sick and wounded comrades, "casualties" in France. In such manner does our fighting-man answer in the negative the perennial question, "Are we down-hearted!" The unflagging cheerfulness of our troops, in all circumstances, has caused much comment from our Allies, who evidently anticipated it less than we did.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



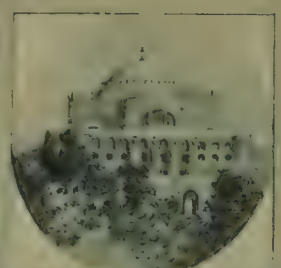
## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY



THE LANDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE RIDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK



THE LANDING-UP OF THE ANOYOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN DRAWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES &amp; ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS, IN 1453, &amp; THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## WAR ON MIDGES.

NOW that one-half of the world is at war, the harvests of the other half, enjoying the blessings of peace, are hungrily watched. The announcement, therefore, by the United States Department of Agriculture that the Hessian Fly has, during the last season, inflicted immense damage to the wheat crop throughout the central area of the United States, and that the loss to the 1915 wheat crop from its ravages will undoubtedly amount to millions of bushels, will prove, to say the least, disconcerting.

Nothing can now be done to lessen the damage to the present growing crop, so that all efforts put forth at this time must be with a view of protecting, as far as possible, from the attack of this pest the millions of acres of wheat that will be sown throughout this area during the coming months of September and October.

The Hessian Fly (*Cecidomyia destructor*) is one of the Gall-midges, and owes its peculiar name to the fact that its ravages first came into notice during the War of Independence, when it was believed to have been introduced by the Hessian troops. During its adult stage its powers for mischief are only indirect, being confined to laying the eggs out of which will come the larvæ which may decide the fate of nations.

These eggs, minute, glossy, and reddish in colour, are laid in the furrows on the upper surface of the leaves of the rising crops of wheat, barley, and rye. The larvæ have the form of minute maggots, and immediately on hatching migrate to a position between the leaf-sheath and the stem; as a rule, just above the first, or second, joint or knot in the stem. The infested plant, weakened by loss of sap, "elbows" over just above the seat of injury, so as to give the crop a weather-beaten appearance. In about a month, or less, according to climatic conditions, the larva becomes "full-fed" and enters the pupal stage. At this time its skin exudes a liquid which, on exposure to the air, hardens to form a case bearing a close resemblance to flax-seed, and hence this is known by the farmers as the "flax-seed" stage.

In spite of the presence of the larva, a certain percentage of the plants come to maturity, becoming a serious menace to the crops of next year. And this because the larvæ in the "flax-seed" stage are left attached to the stubble, and in due time give rise to the adult fly, which then proceeds to infect the autumn-sown wheat. Where this fly occurs in small numbers, it does little harm; to individual plants, indeed, it may even become a benefactor, since if the larva happens to start work low down on the stem of a healthy plant, it will kill the first shoot

and cause it to "tiller" or send out several stems instead of one. In abundance it is, indeed, a menace; for most of the plants will be attacked high up, and will produce at best but poor seed, useless alike for food or sowing. Hence, then, the

now is acted on, disaster will surely follow. The directions given were not difficult to carry out, perchance it was their very simplicity that caused them to be despised.

In the first place, it was pointed out that no wheat should be sown in August. This will save the new crop from infection, except from such "flax-seed" larvæ as may adhere to the stubble. These, however, it is pointed out, may be destroyed, either by burning the stubble, or ploughing it in so deep that the buried larvæ will be unable to escape. The pity of it is that one careless farmer may bring about the infection of the crops of his neighbours.

Happily, there is less danger of trouble from this pest to British farmers owing to our system of crop rotation. But, nevertheless, occasionally, it works mischief even here, and to avert this, the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries some time ago issued a leaflet, giving instructions as to remedial measures. It may be remembered that during 1886 and 1887, no less than twenty counties in England, and ten in Scotland, suffered more or less extensively from this scourge.

Comparatively little is known about these Gall-midges during the adult stage; but some very remarkable discoveries have been made in regard to the larvæ. The most astonishing of these is that the larvæ of several species of the genera, *Myiastor* and *Oligarces*, themselves produce young. The details are briefly as follows. A female fly lays a few very large eggs, each of which produces a larva which, instead of developing into the perfect adult, or "Midge-stage," produces within itself several larvæ which proceed to live upon the vitals of their child-mother. After consuming her, they proceed to pierce a hole through her skin and escape to subsist thereafter in a perfectly proper manner. These matricides, however, commonly suffer a like fate, but, sooner or later, a generation arises which proceeds in the normal fashion to reproduce its kind.

While the larvæ of the Hessian fly produce no direct evidence of their presence, save the "wilted" of the plant, this is not the case with many of its relatives, which produce the strange excrescences known as "galls," such as the oak-apple, and the "spangles" so beloved of pheasants, as well as the curious, moss-like out-growths so often seen on wild-rose plants. The number, indeed, of these abnormal out-growths is legion. Something like 1600 different kinds of "galls" are already known to Science; and this by no means

W. P. PYCRAFT.



WOMEN AND SOLDIERS AT WORK TOGETHER: A BUSY SCENE AT THE HAY PRESS IN A FORAGE RESERVE DEPÔT.

In a great forage reserve depot somewhere in England about sixty women are helping the soldiers in the work of storing, pressing, and despatching hay.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

need for drastic measures to stamp out these puny invaders.

All these facts were known to the American farmers last year, yet, in spite of repeated warnings



"CORNSTALKS" HELPING TO GET IN ENGLISH CORN: WOUNDED AUSTRALIANS ASSIST IN HARVEST WORK. Some wounded Australian soldiers from Gallipoli, where they have fought so gallantly, are convalescent in a Surrey village. Here they are seen helping to get in the harvest.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

during the period from June to October, nothing was done. As a consequence, the worst that was foretold happened, and unless the advice urgently repeated

exhausts the number yet to be discovered, for exotic plants have yet to be studied in this connection.



## A COLUMN OF GERMAN PRISONERS IN FRANCE: "TAKEN" FROM THE AIR.



MARCHING IN FOURS THROUGH A VILLAGE NEAR ST. DIÉ: GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED AT LA FONTENELLE AS SEEN FROM THE SKY.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A FAMOUS FRENCH AIRMAN FLYING LOW: THE GERMAN PRISONERS, UNDER A GUARD OF FRENCH CAVALRY, EMERGING FROM THE VILLAGE.

These remarkable photographs were taken during flight by one of the best-known French airmen, famed for his skill and daring, who was flying low above the route followed by the column of German prisoners shown marching through a French village near St Dié. They had been captured at Fontenelle. A recent French *communiqué*, it may be recalled, said: "In the Vosges, in the region of the Ban de Sapt, at Fontenelle, we scored a marked success after having driven the enemy from a part of our old works which he

took from us. We carried all the German defensive works from the hill to the south-east of Fontenelle as far as the Launois road. We captured 19 officers, including a battalion commander, two surgeons, and 767 unwounded men belonging to seven different battalions. Our ambulances picked up an officer and 32 wounded Germans. We took a 37-mm gun, 2 machine-guns, several bomb-throwers, and a great quantity of ammunition." The exceptional interest of a photograph made in such circumstances needs no comment.



## DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESTON AND SON, LAMBERT WESTON, HARRAWAY, LAPAYETTE, SWAINE, GABRIEL, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



2nd Lieut. Alan Crawhall Challoner was educated at St. Paul's School and Caius College, Cambridge. He was a keen athlete, and in 1911 represented his school as middle-weight boxer at Aldershot. Lieut. J. O. Pritchard-Barrett was the eldest son of Lady Gunter, and stepson of Lieut.-Col. Sir Nevill Gunter, of Wetherby, Yorkshire. 2nd Lieut. the Hon. Gerald William Grenfell was the second son of Lord Desborough, an old Etonian and Oxford man, and a universal favourite. His elder brother, Capt. the Hon. Julian Grenfell, died of wounds in May, and both his twin-cousins, Capt. Francis Grenfell, V.C., and Capt. "Rivy" Grenfell, have been killed in the present war. Capt. R. W. Braithwaite was the third son of Mrs. Braithwaite, of Basil Mansions, and the late Rev. J. M. Braithwaite, Vicar and Rural Dean of Croydon. His younger brother, Flight-Lieut. Michael

Braithwaite, was killed in May. Capt. Guy W. Hopton was the son of Lady Hopton and the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Hopton, K.C.B. Capt. R. T. Vachell was the only son of the popular novelist and dramatist, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, author of many successful stories and plays, including "Quinneys." Capt. Vachell had been Aide-de-Camp to Lord Sydenham, in India, and was recently mentioned in despatches. Brevet Lieut.-Col. Arthur F. Sargeant fought with distinction in South Africa, and was twice mentioned in despatches during the present war. Capt. and Adj. W. J. Davis was the elder son of the late General Sir John Davis, K.C.B., and Lady Davis, of Basil Mansions, Knightsbridge. Lieut. the Hon. Kenneth Robert Dundas was the fourth son of Lord Melville, and was a District Commissioner in the East Africa Protectorate.



# SAND-BAGGED AND BOARDED GLORIES: ITALIAN TREASURES PROTECTED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAUCHER.



AS IT IS IN TIME OF PEACE: THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN AT BOLOGNA, ON THE PIAZZA DEL NETTUNO.



AS IT IS NOW, IN TIME OF WAR: THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN BUILT IN WITH WOOD, TO DEFEND IT FROM THE ATTACKS OF AVIATORS.



AS IT IS IN TIME OF PEACE: THE INTERIOR OF DANTE'S TOMB AT RAVENNA.



AS IT IS NOW, IN TIME OF WAR: DANTE'S TOMB, COVERED UP WITH SAND-BAGS.

To all lovers of art, the temporary hiding of many of the glories of Italy by protective measures against destruction or damage by aircraft bombs or shells, is one of the saddest features of the war. But it is inevitable, and our photographs show with what thoroughness the work is carried out. The superb statue of Neptune, in the Piazza del Nettuno at Bologna, is by Giovanni da Bologna (Jean Boulogne), and was erected in 1563-67, from the design of Tommaso Laurati of Palermo. It is over eight feet high, and the figures of the boys, and the sirens seated upon dolphins, are wonderfully modelled. The

Tomb of Dante adjoins the Church of San Francesco in Ravenna, where the poet died, in 1321. In 1482, Bernardo Bembo, father of the famous Cardinal Bembo, caused the mausoleum to be erected from the designs of Pietro Lombardi, but it was practically rebuilt in 1780. It is enriched with medallions of the poet's precursors and patrons—Virgil, Brunetto Latini, Can Grande della Scala, and Guido da Polenta—and the sarcophagus containing the remains of the poet bears a noble epitaph written in 1357 by Bernardo Canaccio.



# A CURIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT: THE DISASTER TO THE IRISH MAIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., AND L.N.A.



PARTLY TELESOPED, AND BADLY SMASHED: THE DINING-SALOON OF THE UNFORTUNATE HOLYHEAD EXPRESS.



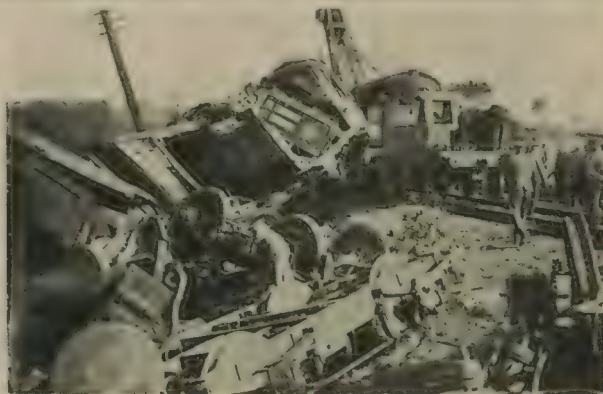
AFTER THE CURIOUS AND DISASTROUS ACCIDENT TO THE IRISH MAIL: AN UPTURNED COACH.



AFTER AN ACCIDENT THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DUE TO THE BREAKING OF A CONNECTING-ROD OF THE ENGINE OF A PASSING TRAIN: THE WRECKAGE OF THE IRISH MAIL FROM EUSTON, BETWEEN WEEDON AND BLISWORTH.



AFTER THE DISASTER IN WHICH NINE LOST THEIR LIVES AND TWENTY-ONE WERE INJURED: TELESOPED CARRIAGES OF THE IRISH MAIL.



A TANGLED MASS: WRECKAGE AFTER THE DISASTER TO THE HOLYHEAD EXPRESS FROM EUSTON.

The catastrophe of Saturday, August 14, by which nine persons lost their lives and twenty-one were injured, by the derailment of the Irish Mail from Euston, between Weedon and Blisworth, was unusual, although not altogether unprecedented, so far as is known at the time of writing, and it is a relief to have every reason to believe that this accident was due to no human fault, blunder, or shortcoming, but solely to mechanical reasons—the breaking of the steel rod connecting the off-wheels of the engine of a train from Rugby to London which was passing the Irish Mail. The broken rod, it is believed, struck the front engine of the Holyhead Express as it passed, and caused it to leave the

rails. Another theory advanced is that the Holyhead train was thrown off the line not by the broken rod, but by the injury the broken rod did to the permanent way. Of course, these theories were suggested soon after the occurrence of the accident, and prior to the inquiry, so must be regarded for the present as theories only. Precise details of the cause of the accident are still wanting at the time of writing. It may be added that there have been previous occasions when a mishap has been caused by the breakage of a coupling or a side-rod. In such a case the steel rod flies round and round and tears up the permanent way.





# ENTERPRISE

ENTERPRISE DEMANDS AN OPEN MIND AND A CLOSED RESOLUTION—IT HEARS ONLY THE VOICE OF INSPIRATION.

From ancient and small beginnings Tootals has steadily developed, until its weaving sheds, spinning mills and allied works have become colossal hives of industry. There, thousands of shuttles day after day sing their hoarse songs of a triumphant enterprise that girdles the earth.

Tootal, however, is much more than a mass of machinery for producing cotton goods. It is also a world-wide Public Service Organisation. What Tootals design and produce to-day is promptly put to fashionable and serviceable use throughout the world.

The latest Tootal enterprise is the marking or branding of its proudest productions (see list on this page) to enable the public always to positively identify them in the shops. Every one of this increasing "Great Tootal Line" of Branded Fabrics has the full "Tootal Guarantee" behind it.

ANY TOOTAL MARK ON A COTTON FABRIC IS A TOOTAL GUARANTEE OF QUALITY.

## TOOTAL GUARANTEED COTTON FABRICS

SOLD BY HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS & OUTFITTERS

**TOOTAL CLOTH**, the new Tootal Guaranteed Velvet Fabric, surpasses silk velvet for graceful draping. Rich colors that will not rub off. Fast Pile 27 inches wide, 2/6 Corded, 3/6 Plain. For Autumn and Winter Costumes and Children's wear.

**TARANTULLE**: For Dainty Home-sewn Lingerie and Baby-wear. In three weights—40 inches wide.

**LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS** for ladies. Dainty exquisite self-white and indelible color border designs.

**PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS** for men. Correct self-white and exclusive indelible color border designs.

**TOOTAL SHIRTINGS** for men and women.

**TOBRALCO**: A silky wash-dress fabric.

**TOOTAL PIQUÉ**: Soft and supple. 43, 44 inches wide.

**TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE Co. Ltd. MANCHESTER.**

LONDON, 132 Cheapside, E.C.4; PARIS, 42 rue des Jeuneurs; NEW YORK, 387, 4th Avenue; TORONTO, 726, Empire Buildings; MONTREAL, 45, St. Alexander Street.

**OVERSEAS AGENTS.** AUSTRALASIA, Melbourne, Stoddart & Sons, Pty. Ltd., Finks Buildings. SYDNEY, Stoddart & Sons, Pty. Ltd., York Street.

NEW ZEALAND, WELLINGTON, J. Gruar & Co., 69, Victoria Street.

SOUTH AFRICA, CAPE TOWN, West & Robinson, P.O. Box 580. JOHANNESBURG, Transvaal, West & Robinson, P.O. Box 2805.

• PAUL E. DERRICK • LONDON

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD.



## LADIES' PAGE.

IN other times, the marriage of the Duke of Portland's heir to the Duke of Richmond's niece would have, no doubt, been a great London Society function. As it is, the wedding took place at the country seat of the Duke of Portland; that remarkable great house with a series of underground rooms devised by a bygone Duke to hide himself from the eyes of womankind. This union of the families is the culmination of an old-standing friendship, for Welbeck was lent by the bridegroom's father to the bride's parents for their honeymoon, some thirty years ago. The Duchess of Portland is still so youthful and graceful that it comes almost as a surprise that she has a son to marry. The bride's mother, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, is half-sister to Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, and full sister of the Countess of Warwick. Lady "Algy" is well-known to women pet-dog fanciers, as she takes a great interest in the Pekin Palace spaniels.

There is a certain dead set at the moment against the keeping of what are contemptuously called "lap-dogs." The Pekinese, by the way, was unknown here till comparatively recently. It was bred in China for a sleeve-dog; no less a personage than the famous late Dowager-Empress wrote a list of points for these dogs, one of which was that they must be "ever ready to bite foreign devils," and another, that the colours bred must be sufficiently varied for the owner to have a dog to match very well with every colour of the big-sleeved coats worn in China. The inbred habit of keeping still while reclining in the width of a Chinese coat-sleeve accounts for the impassibility and dignity that distinguish these dogs. Tiny dogs are generally very delicate in health, indifferent to their owners, and undogishly selfish and snappy. They are carried more for the sake of proclaiming the possession of money enough to buy them than for affection in many cases. But some women are genuinely devoted to their individual pets, and find in them a solace for a lonely heart that no big dog can equally well supply, for the simple reason that only a small and quiet pet can be always and everywhere with its mistress. To buy excessively small dogs, and therefore to cause them to be bred, is a species of cruelty to animals, and to purchase a dog for nothing else but its abnormal smallness, the resulting mortality rates raising the price to many pounds, is one of the most objectionable forms of ostentation; but to talk as if some obvious duty were neglected because women love and treat with proper care and kindness the little dogs that are often their only real friends, is sheer jealousy and quite unfair. Something to love and to look after is very necessary to the female nature, and so many amongst us have, and can have, no human creature upon whom to safely, fully, and acceptably expend this need.

Some few women who now bestow their affections chiefly on dogs might certainly adopt fatherless or entirely orphaned children, but this is always a grave responsibility and often quite an impossibility. A letter from General Joubert-Pionnar suggests another and new form of expending the heart's treasures; to wit, marrying blinded and maimed men from the war! "Surely any girl of pluck would rather marry a mutilated hero," he says, "than an unhurt shirker"; and the result would be to "make the



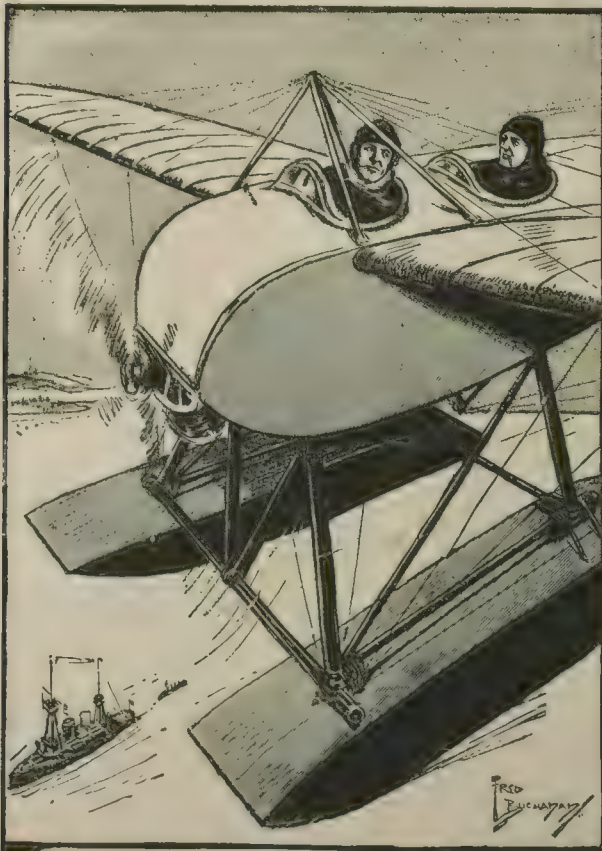
A FASHION OF THE MOMENT.

This fashionable coat-and-skirt is of burnt-orange Gabardine with black braid; with it is worn a blouse of black-and-white striped silk, with black buttons. The hat is of black taffetas and white ribbon.

men's shattered lives as happy as possible, and repopulate the countries fighting for freedom with brave men's sons and daughters." No doubt numbers of women would be quite glad to make any sacrifice that there may be in such marriages if the financial side of married life were negligible. Unfortunately, it is a most important side of home-making; and for a woman of average strength and abilities to undertake to fill the place of both husband and wife—to bring in the family's income by her daily labours and to perform wifely and motherly duties also—is a dreadful mistake. Where the financial question does not come into the account, maimed men from the wars will not have the smallest difficulty in finding wives, I am sure. There is always a protective, maternal element in a good woman's pure love for the man she marries. He is, perhaps, the stronger; perhaps she holds him to be her superior; nevertheless, to her he is, even then, in a way, dependent on her, to be looked after and cared for, and managed for his own good, and this feeling will be accentuated when the wounded man has so noble an additional claim.

Women's dress will very likely be permanently affected by the war. The removal from working life of so many of our men in the prime of their productive powers must necessitate the permanent continuance of a large number of women in the novel tasks that they are now undertaking, and it will become clear that their dress must be suitable for the work that they must do. For instance, the women "postmen" in the country districts now ride the official bicycle, and many of them do so, as common-sense requires, in knickers. For the period of continuance of the war, a committee of Society ladies has just been formed to promote economy amongst women, and one of their pledges is not to take any notice of changes of fashion. Lady Juliet Duff is one of the Hon. Secretaries, and the office is at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London. It should be noted that the suggestion now made that there should be a standard dress for women, instead of constant changes of style, was practically almost adopted even before the war as far as workaday costume is concerned; a coat-and-skirt was, and is now, almost universally worn, with a simple loose blouse under the coat for indoors. This uniform—for the slight diversities in cut, braiding, buttons, and so forth, are so unimportant as not to affect the essence of the matter—is worn for business in town, for country life and for travelling, so generally as to constitute it a "standard" dress, in fact. Yet so recently as five-and-twenty years ago, Miss Clo Graves, the clever woman who has now won fame under the *nom-de-plume* of "Richard Dehan," was considered to "dress like a man" because she always wore, both for day and evening toilettes, a severely simple coat-and-skirt. Mr. Rochfort Maguire suggests a standard evening-dress. The very name implies that the dress is only to be worn in the shelter of the house, and a certain fragility and fancifulness are in keeping in those conditions. Laces and embroideries that are already possessed, at any rate, may as well be worn, even in war-time. Change of costume is the only sort of variety in many women's lives; and love of colour, and of harmonising it with the individual complexion, eyes and hair, is a harmless indulgence that need not be costly, while the result gives real pleasure both to wearer and onlookers. Again, we must remember that any abrupt changes, such as the universal adoption of a simply made black satin evening-gown for every woman, as Lady Tree suggests, would disorganise a vast mass of labour and cause much misery.

FILOMENA.



THE BOREL HYDROPLANE.

One of the first hydro-monoplanes adopted by the Government. Driven by an 80 h.p. Gnome engine mounted in front of the fuselage on double bearings. Floats sprung at the rear on rubber shock absorbers. Chassis built of streamlined steel tubes. Pilot and passenger in separate cockpits arranged tandem fashion. A small float under the tail which turns with the rudder enables the machine to be steered on the water at low speeds.

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE

is a development of the ORIGINAL PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe is the outcome of many years experience and is probably the best Pipe Tobacco yet offered to the public. It is perfectly accurate to describe it as being manufactured from not only the best growths of Virginia, but from the selected leaves of those best growths.

Packed only in 2-oz. and 4-oz. Airtight  
Tins at 1/2 and 2/4 respectively.

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and are sold in two strengths—GOLD LEAF and MEDIUM.

### GOLD LEAF.

100 for 3/-  
50 for 1/6

Smaller sizes of  
packing at pro-  
portionate rates.

### MEDIUM

100 for 2/3  
50 for 1/1½

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES  
For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home  
and for the Front at Duty Free Rates.

Terms on application to  
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.  
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO

'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.'

PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9 3.  
Six Months, 14/-; or including Christmas Number, 15/3.  
Three Months, 7/-; or including Christmas Number, 8/3.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 13 8.  
Six Months, 16/3; or including Christmas Number, £1 1 0.  
Three Months, 8/2; or including Christmas Number, 9/4.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 0 0.  
Six Months, 19/8; or including Christmas Number, £1 1 0.  
Three Months, 9/9; or including Christmas Number, 11/3.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money; by cheque, crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C.

## ISLE OF WIGHT.

No resort in England provides more opportunities for REST AND RECREATION, HEALTH AND PLEASURE, than the beautiful Isle of Wight.

Soft yet bracing air, Magnificent Coast and inland scenery, Lofly sloping downs, Charming health resorts at Ryde, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, &c., Yachting, Boating, Bathing and Coaching facilities, Excellent Golf Links, Inexpensive Weekly Island Railway Tickets. First-class Hotels and Boarding Houses. For illustrated Guide, post free, write to Secretary, 112, High Street, Newport, or respective Town Clerks.

# LIBERTY'S NEW ZEALAND KNITTING WOOL FOR MUFFLERS, HELMETS SOCKS & MITTENS

AT 4/- ALB  
CARRIAGE PAID FOR 4/4

FINE QUALITY KHAKI WOOL  
RECOMMENDED FOR SERVICE WEAR

SAMPLES OF WOOL & SILK YARNS POST FREE  
LIBERTY & CO. REGENT ST. LONDON

# The Mellin's Food Method

The wastage of war makes the rearing of Children a matter of paramount National urgency — new-born children must not only *live*, but must be brought to maturity strong and sound in mind and body — *for the Nation's sake.*

Where hand-feeding is necessary, *do not experiment*; give Mellin's Food—the Fresh Milk Food that for half a century has *proved* its safety and superiority in all parts of the world.

Mellin's Food is instantly adapted to the needs of any child of any age or constitution.

Mellin's Food so 'humanises' fresh cow's milk that, retaining all the vital elements which *fresh milk alone* offers, it becomes as easy of digestion, as safe and beneficial as mother's milk.

## Test 'Mellin's' Free

A generous sample of Mellin's Food with a most valuable Book entitled "How to Feed the Baby," will be sent free of cost to all who promise to give it a trial.

SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.  
PECKHAM, LONDON.

## A well-known doctor:

"I find that Mellin's Food made up with fresh cow's milk is far superior to foods mixed with water only."

## Sir Thomas Barlow:

(From a statement made before the President of the Local Government Board)

"Certain maladies were introduced by sterilisation. It was well known that children fed upon sterilised milk developed scurvy and rickets."



# NEW ZEALAND wants thousands of DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Good wages. Constant employment. Comfortable homes among sympathetic people in a beautiful and prosperous country. Reduced fare, £2 16 0, advanced by Government if required. Large and comfortable steamers. Doctor, matron, and stewardesses on board. Women Government officials arrange accommodation on arrival in New Zealand, and obtain suitable situations for competent girls. Write for further particulars to The High Commissioner for New Zealand (Emigration Dept.), 13, Victoria Street, London, S.W.



Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship  
Heraldry, English & Foreign.

Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

**LLOYD'S** IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. & 3s. each.

**THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS**

**FOR EASY SHAVING.**

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and goodwill, from the Executors of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., Berrers Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH

**Dr. J. Collis Browne's  
Chlorodyne**

Acts like a Charm in  
**Diarrhoea, Colic**  
and kindred Summer ailments.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/6, and 4/6.

Always ask for a "Dr. Collis Browne."

# ICY-HOT

**Keeps Contents Ice Cold 72 Hours; Hot 24 Hours**

**ICY-HOT Vacuum Flasks** Afford hot or cold beverages at home or abroad when preparation is impossible. Indispensable when traveling or on any outing. They will furnish the men in the trenches with steaming hot, sustaining refreshment or a cooling drink when commissary is far away.

**Thoroughly Protected Against Breakage** A thickly padded spring cushion at oval bottom makes flask practically unbreakable. Asbestos pads prevent vibration of inner flask, eliminating breakage at the neck.

**Absolutely Sanitary** Projecting glass neck. Leak-age into case when pouring prevented by rubber ring. Instantly demountable. Easy to keep clean. Inexpensive to replace. The

**"Tommy Atkins" Icy-Hot Vacuum Flask** shown here comes in container enameled in leather effect, with nickel-plated shoulder and drinking cup. Made for hard usage. Ideal gift for the soldier friend ordered to the continent. Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom.

At Chemists, Ironmongers, Drapers and Stores

**THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.**  
132, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Price 4/6 and upwards.

## The Right Sort

LETTERS from officers and men at the front all testify to the serviceability, the waterproof quality and, above all, the comfort of Lotus Service Boots 359. Here are some extracts: "Their shape is sensible, gives plenty of room for the toes"; "absolutely satisfactory from a military point of view"; "condition as good as new after a month's hard wear"; "I have stood in them in melted slush all day and did not even suffer from cold feet"; "I put them on *new*, did a 17-mile march and got through without a blister or even tired feet."

359 is available in a wide range of sizes, requires no measuring beforehand, and can be bought of Lotus agents in all towns.

Letters

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Manufacturers of Lotus and Delta Boots



Lotus 42/-

Double uppers; welted-Veldtschoen soles. No. 359 brown; No. 599 black.

# Snake Charmer Cigarettes

for Connoisseurs

Per Packet of Ten

**BOUQUET 6<sup>d</sup>.**

SIZE

**QUEEN - 9<sup>d</sup>.**

SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse 2-14, Clarence Street, St. Luke's, London E.C.

**PARIS GARTERS**

No metal can touch you

A GREAT many men wear PARIS GARTERS. They evidently get the fullest satisfaction from these splendid supporters; for they always buy these garters after they have once worn them. The most decisive way to have your hose held up as neatly and securely as you want them, is to wear PARIS GARTERS.

When you buy your PARIS GARTERS look for the name on the inside of the shield.

At Outfitters and Hosiers, 1/- and 2/6 per pair

The wholesale supplied by

**A. Merchant & Co.** 15 New Union Street London, E. C.



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Self-Help.

By the time these lines are in print it is to be hoped that all motor-car owners will be preparing themselves to run their own cars and effect small minor adjustments and repairs, for, if there is to be any effective use made of the National Register of Labour, the trade of the motor mechanic is one that is certain to be extensively utilised for Government work. Practical home repairs will, of course, greatly depend on not only the skill of the car-owner, but on the equipment of the garage. Take, for instance, the simple matter of tyre and tube punctures. Many car-owners do not possess even a small vulcaniser, and have been in the habit of getting such work done by the local repairer. In future, this will have to be done at home in most cases, as the lessening of the staff of fitters in the local motor shops will compel them to give all their attention to the bigger overhauls and repairs to the chassis sent to them, and will leave little time and few men to attend to small matters such as tyres. I notice that the Wood-Milne Company claim to have effectively remedied that frequent source of trouble, the leaky valve-patch. The latest Wood-Milne tubes are fitted with a patent embedded valve-patch which is vulcanised in, flush with the tube, at the time of manufacture. It is, therefore, an integral portion of the tube, and cannot possibly shift or become loose. No extra charge is being made for tubes so equipped—a point to be noted when one needs to have not only no-trouble fittings, as much as possible, on one's car, but to spend also as little as is necessary to keep it in good running order.

**Cars to Buy.** Though Birmingham and the Midlands generally are busily engaged on munitions of war, there are still a few British cars obtainable

from that district. Lanchester cars, for instance, have been used for Service work, but there are a few obtainable by the motor-buying public. This make is handled in the North by the Scottish Motor Traction Company, Ltd., of Edinburgh and Glasgow, who have been appointed sole agents in Scotland for the sale of Lanchester cars, so all inquiries for that district should be addressed to them. F.I.A.T. cars are also

on these goods in the near future similar to that which British cars have had placed upon them when sent to France or Italy. In fact, these traders hope it will take place, as, though, of course, the American cars will be taxed higher—as their own country's duties are higher on British goods—the foreign (European) imported car has always sold here on its merits, not on comparative prices.

## Admiralty Appreciation.

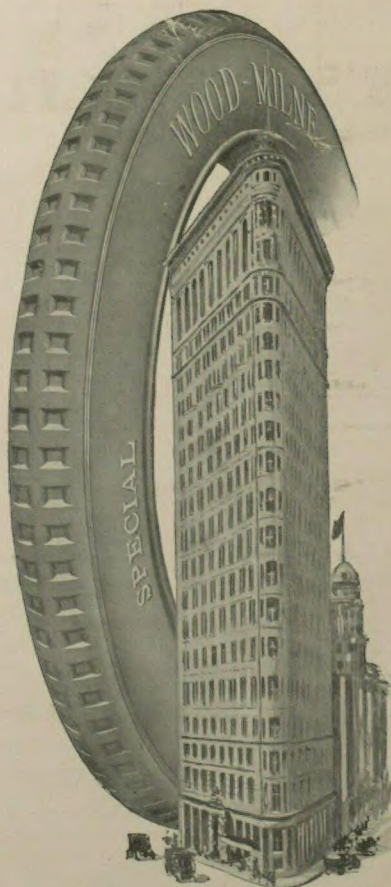
I do not think that at any time of their existence has the motor world been better appreciated by the powers that be than at present. Not only has the King been visiting several of their works and saying nice things to the employees and their managers, but even the heads of the fighting Services have expressed their appreciation. At the end of a meeting at which the Right Hon. T. J. Macnamara, the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, addressed over 1200 employees of Messrs. C. A. Vandervell on the question of munitions, he expressed to Mr. Arthur Goodwin, the general manager, his appreciation of the careful and attentive way the men had followed his speech, and the enthusiasm with which his appeal to them to put forth their utmost effort had been met. His remarks on the work of the British Navy and the fact that, thanks to its unsleeping vigilance, Great Britain has for twelve months enjoyed total immunity from the horrors of invasion, and has thus been enabled to live practically its normal life, together with his hopes that his audience (the C.A.V. workpeople) would do their full share towards providing it with the vitally important munitions, were received with loud and continued cheers. There is no doubt about the motor folk doing their best, as, both in and out of the trade, private owner or mechanic, all are doing their little bit for the nation's cause. W. W.



FORMERLY ONE OF THE CHASSIS TEST-SHOPS AT THE WOLSELEY WORKS: NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A SHELL FACTORY. The great works of the Wolseley Motors, Ltd. (a branch of Messrs. Vickers) at Adderley Park, near Birmingham, have since the beginning of the war been devoted to the making of munitions. The photograph shows one part of the premises recently reorganised for the manufacture of shrapnel shell—a remarkable transformation from former times. Several new workshops for the same purpose have been erected, and work is in full swing early and late. The firm are still building war lorries and cars, as well as doing aero work.

to be had, and Italy is still sending these cars over here fairly freely, so our Allies evidently intend to keep their place in the favour of the British motor market. In small cars there are the French-built Gazelle, a 10-12-h.p., and the D.F.P.—both sending us a certain number per week. British concessionaires of European-built cars all expect an import duty to be placed

towards providing it with the vitally important munitions, were received with loud and continued cheers. There is no doubt about the motor folk doing their best, as, both in and out of the trade, private owner or mechanic, all are doing their little bit for the nation's cause. W. W.



BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.

## Foundations

The safety of a building depends primarily on the strength of its foundation. The safety of a tyre depends on the strength of the *Fabric* which is its foundation.

The Fabric on which

## Wood-Milne

## MOTOR TYRES

are built up is manufactured throughout in our own factory. It is the strongest in the world, and is tested to stand strains more severe than are ever likely to be experienced on *your* car.

Therefore we can and do guarantee our tyres against all road risks except fire.

Square Tread	-	-	-	-	3000 miles.
All-rubber and Steel-Studded N/S	-	-	-	-	3500 miles.

WOOD-MILNE, Ltd., PRESTON. Telegrams—"Comfort. Preston."  
LONDON—MANCHESTER AVENUE, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C. Phone—Preston 413.  
Telegrams—"Byturning. London." Telephone—City 4707.  
BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, BELFAST, DUBLIN, GLASGOW.



# Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco



In the most strenuous times there are intervals of quiet, times when pipes are lit and the fragrant smoke-wreaths twist and rise. The smoker who gets the most pleasant relaxation is he who uses "Three Nuns," for this fascinating mixture is deliciously mild and mellow in flavour, and quite remarkably cool-smoking.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER 6½d. OZ.

'THREE NUNS' CIGARETTES. MEDIUM, 3d. for 10.

No. 425



**Firestone**  
—the Tyre that  
is Visibly and  
Actually  
Better.

Half-scale Section of the 135 mm. Firestone, showing the extraordinary quantity of material built into it.

## Visible Value

- Seven plies Sea Island Fabric in Firestone—some are satisfied with six.
- Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone—not found in the ordinary.
- One-eighth inch pure Para Rubber cushion in Firestone—none in the ordinary.
- 3/32 inch Breaker Strip of Sea Island Fabric and High-grade Rubber in Firestone—less in the ordinary.
- Half-inch Tread, tough, resilient, gripping—less in the ordinary.
- One-eighth inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone—less in the ordinary.
- Firestone Bead, built into Firestone Tyre—not patched on as in the ordinary.

## Firestone Non-Skid Tyre

These Firestone Tyre Facts make Firestone the "most miles per shilling" tyres, and have given them the largest sale of any exclusive tyre makers' products. Write for handsome booklet, "What's What in Tyres," post free from—  
**FIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER CO., LTD.,**  
14-15, D'Arbury St., St. Marlborough St., W.

## COMFORT for the WOUNDED

The irritation and soreness caused by  
**BED-SORES, CHAFING, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, &c.,**  
can be quickly relieved by the application of

## TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE TOILET POWDER.



Soothing and Emollient. Non-absorbent. Prescribed by eminent Skin Doctors.

Prices from 1/-

Supplied to the Royal Family, European Courts, Nobility and Gentry.

**JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.**



## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.  
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

**MILLIONS OF PEOPLE**  
**FLORILINE**  
**FOR THE**  
**TEETH.**  
have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.  
Also put up in Powder form.  
**Absolutely BRITISH.**  
Why not give it a trial?

## The FRENCH

Natural  
Mineral  
Water.

## VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER:  
**GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,**  
**RHEUMATISM** and all ailments  
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

## FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the World.

Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROWE, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.; and at Liverpool and Bristol.



## TYRE REGISTRATION, 1915.

Name: Safety Tread.

Address: 117/123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

What is your Rating for the following?

Economy (1)	Safety (2)	Comfort (3)	Speed (4)
Honours	100 per cent.	First-class	A.1. at Brooklands
Which authority granted you this rating? (5)		The Motoring Public. (We are the largest tyre manufacturing firm in the world.)	



Any motoring citizen or prospective motoring citizen can have confirmation of these particulars by writing for the Goodrich Tyre Catalogue, post free on request.

The B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,

Signature *James A. Smith* Manager.



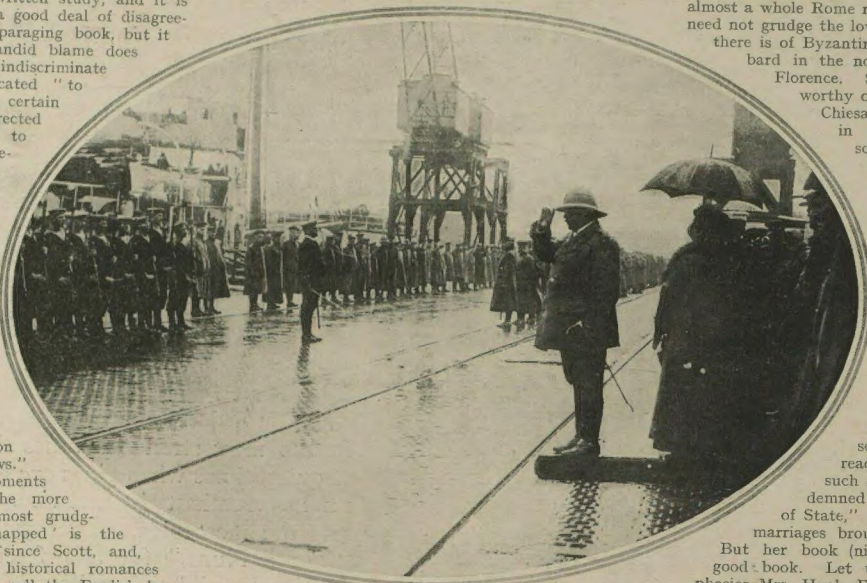
## LITERATURE.

**R. L. Stevenson: A Critical Study.** It is difficult, at short notice and within short limits, to criticise a critic who has covered so much ground as Mr. Frank Swinnerton has in "R. L. Stevenson: A Critical Study" (Martin Secker). To do so adequately, one would have to re-read and digest all Stevenson's works, as the critic has done. One can, however, indicate his general conclusions. This, then, is a very thorough, sincere, well-reasoned, and well-written study, and it is one that will probably provoke a good deal of disagreement. It is, on the whole, a disparaging book, but it is none the worse for that, as candid blame does an author better service than indiscriminate adulation. The book is dedicated "to Douglas Gray, in malice," and a certain amount of the "malice" directed against that gentleman appears to apply also to Stevenson. One receives the impression that Mr. Swinnerton is annoyed with him for having made a great reputation on insufficient grounds. He places him among second-rate writers; he accuses him of having killed the romantic novel by setting an artificial fashion; he was not really a novelist; as a story-teller he is "inferior to Captain Marryat"; again, "Stevenson was not comparable as an artist with Mr. Henry James"; in criticism "he was a good enough journeyman critic to stand beside those who write essays on literary subjects for the reviews." Yet even Mr. Swinnerton has moments of praise, and his praise is the more valuable as being sparse and almost grudging. He admits that "Kidnapped" is the best Scottish historical romance since Scott, and, indeed, one of the best modern historical romances in what we may for the moment call the English language." In discussing "Weir of Hermiston," he speaks of "the bite of Stevenson's continually vigorous imagination"; yet elsewhere (of his previous stories) we read that "these romances are, in fact, the romances of a sick man of tremendous nervous force, but of neither physical nor intellectual, nor even imaginative, energy." Mr. Swinnerton is not of those who talk familiarly of "R. L. S.": he despises such "vague doting" of ill-considered affection. He seems rather to resent Stevenson's charm, both personal and literary, as having won him a fame he did not deserve. Stevenson worshippers are left, at the end, with little more than broken fragments of their idol to piece together as best they may.

**Easy Reading.** "Book-making" need not result in the making of vapid or futile books; in the case of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "More Italian Yesterdays" (Hutchinson) that kind of industry has produced a big, pleasant volume of very fair quality. It is a book that was undoubtedly easy to write—or rather, to put together—but it is also easy to read. A little of it gives us some of Mrs. Fraser's own recollections; and these are the records of an observant lover of Italy who has enjoyed her youth in the most attractive country in the world, and

the whole-hearted story is welcome. Indeed, so entirely is the author "Italianate" that she cannot away with the Byzantine building that is the best treasure of eastern and south-eastern Italy; she cannot appreciate it even at Ravenna; she cannot endure it even at Westminster. She confesses that she has to fly from the cathedral there and take refuge at the Oratory. No wonder she is happy in Italy, for the flourishes of the Renaissance are scrawled and twisted all over the Peninsula, and those who like them have no lack of time to complain of. They have almost a whole Rome redecorated in that taste, and they need not grudge the lovers of an older century what little there is of Byzantine on the eastward coast, of Lombard in the north, of Gothic in Venice and in Florence. St. Philip Neri is a good saint, worthy of honour at Brompton and in the Chiesa Nuova in Rome, but his lot fell in an evil time for the arts. Personal incidents and predilections apart, Mrs. Hugh Fraser's pages are filled, and greatly multiplied, by abridgments of the lives of several saints, and by picturesque summaries of the salient tragedies of Neapolitan history—the life and death of Joan, the worst and unhappiest of the Joans, at Naples; and the rule and fall of Murat. She has so much confidence in her own imagination that she attributes "a diabolical smile" to one villain, a "terrible countenance" to another, and so forth. And so careful is she of lucidity that her reader has to submit to little insults, such as where the author, having condemned "what are known as marriages of State," goes on to explain that she means marriages brought about for reasons of State. But her book (nicely illustrated) is a reasonably good book. Let us add that in regard to prophecies Mrs. Hugh Fraser is more credulous than a Jesuit priest. Father Thurston has recently exposed all the vaticinations which so many people, especially in France, have applied to the present war. He finds all these to be, in the language of our day, "fakes."

Anxiety and worry are almost certain to leave an effect sooner or later, such as "nerves," depression, or a run-down condition. It is easy to see, therefore, how important it is that a tonic should always be kept at hand. In this connection, Iron "Jelloids" are recommended as reliable and effective, especially for anæmia; and never could there be a better opportunity of putting their sterling value to the proof.



THE RETURN OF THE CONQUEROR OF GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: GENERAL BOTHA ACKNOWLEDGES THE SALUTE OF THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR ON LANDING AT CAPE TOWN. After his triumph in German South-West Africa, General Botha returned in the hospital-ship "Ebani," and landed at Cape Town on July 22. He came down the gangway followed by his wife and the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town, and inspected a Guard of Honour furnished by the Royal Naval Reserve and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. His personal staff were lined up at the foot of the gangway. A violent thunderstorm was going on at the time. General Botha drove, amid cheering crowds, to the City Hall, where the Mayor, Mr. Parker, made a speech of welcome, and a sword of honour was presented.

Photograph by Photofocus.

## A French Preparation

Officially adopted by the French Government, Public Health Authorities, and Hospitals.



RHEUMATISM.  
GOUT.  
GRAVEL.  
CALCULI.  
NEURALGIA.  
MIGRAINE.  
SCIATICA.  
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.  
OBESITY.  
ACIDITY.



Arthritic subjects take a course of URODONAL every month, which eliminates the Uric Acid from their system, and thus safeguards them from attacks of Gout, Rheumatism, or Nephritic Colic. On the first indication of red or sandy deposits, or on the least painful symptom, stiff joints, etc., URODONAL should at once be resorted to.

URODONAL is a first-rate initial treatment before mineral water "cures" by eliminating the excess of Uric Acid. It also takes the place of these "cures" if necessary. See the "Lancet's" report, Dec. 19, 1914.

**Poisoned by URIC ACID,**

**Tortured with Pain, he can only be relieved by**

# URODONAL

**Because URODONAL dissolves Uric Acid**

N.B.—URODONAL (price 6/- per bottle) is prepared by J. L. CHATELAIN, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Paris.

Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or post free from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPEL'S, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can also be obtained, post free, a full explanatory Booklet giving Doctors' Opinions on How to Maintain Health, and "Lancet" Report of 19th December, 1914.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRÈRES, 63, Rue Notre-Dame-Est, Montreal, Canada.  
Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.